

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885, and Made Famous in the Celebrated Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

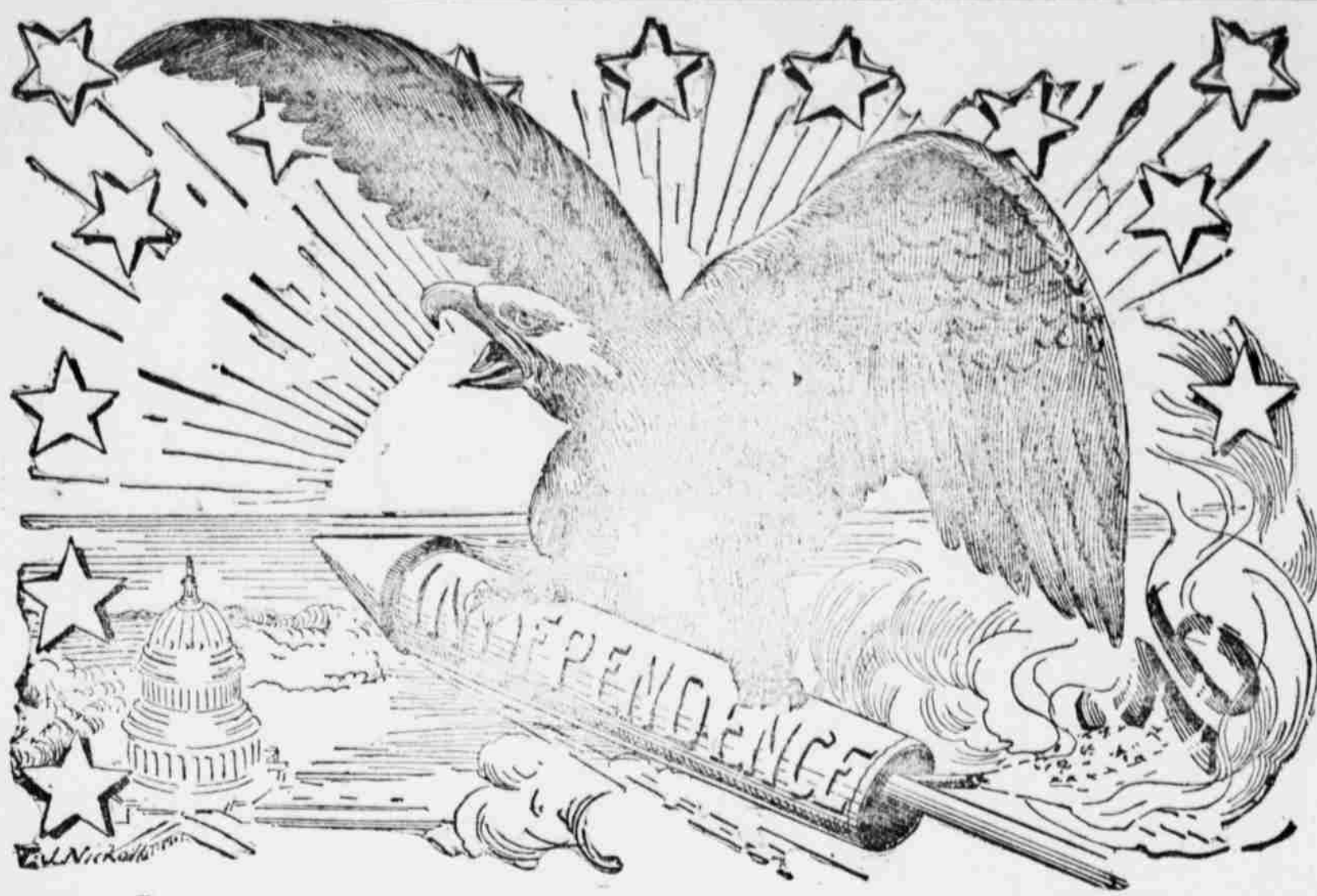
"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

TENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1894.

NUMBER 15.



It was advertised, by written notices, stuck on trees, by deputy sheriffs, whose business it was to ride through-out the country, by the cross-road merchant, and even by the circuit rider himself, that the Fourth of July would be appropriately celebrated in Wilson's Bend. Where could there be a more hidden community than Wilson's Bend? No soldiers found their way into this neighborhood, no one enlisted here, no recruiting officer came with his red, white and red cockade, no drum rumbled and no fife screamed. Indeed, when the country's great attack of indignation took place, Wilson's Bend was completely left out of the reckoning. It has been said, and with more or less truth, that the war was not heard of until after it was over, and that great indignation was then expressed by the leading citizen of the community. "Why, confound 'em all," said he, "what made 'em want to keep the thing so close fur? Jest had a rip-sartin' time and never let a feller know nothin' about it. It's human nature, 'tough. The older we git the closer we keep our affairs to ourselves."

It is not my intention, however, to tell of the characteristics of this peculiar community, nor to describe the habits of the people, neither shall I give in detail an account of the celebration, but shall reproduce the speech of an old negro made on that occasion. A newspaper had sent me to the mountains to gather what facts I could concerning the murder of a United States marshal who indiscreetly had asked for a night's lodging at the house of an illicit distiller. He was not only provided for overnight, but was given an apartment for all eternity.

I arrived upon the scene of the celebration just before Big Alf got up to address the crowd. The white orators had made their speeches, "filled up" and were asleep in the shade. What an enormous fellow old Alf was, how solemnly he spoke and how characteristically did he give the negro version of the war of independence. It was the first time that I had heard the birth of our liberty discussed from that point of view and I found it full of interest. And so here is the speech, almost word for word:

"You niggers dat has dun, eat ez much ez you kin hold an' now ain't got nothin' ter do but ter lissen ter dis yere truth dat I se handin' out, doan know how dis country wuz 'pressed at one time. Does you know, 'Uncle Lon'?" he asked, nodding at an old man.

"I kain't say dat I does, sah, 'caze I se been so powerful busy lately dat I ain't had time ter 'vestigate it."

"Wall, why didn't you larn suthin' 'bout it fo' you got busy?"

"Wall, I jest tell you dat 'fo' er man gits busy he ain't got sense ernuff ter here whether he knows er thing ur not. However, I se glad dat I has put it off till dis time 'caze now I se got er wise man ter teach me."

"The speaker bowed. "It's er 'monstus pleasure ter talk ter sich er smart an' 'telligent man ez you is, Uncle Lon, an' it do me good ter see you. Wall, dis country wuz powerful 'pressed at

one time an' we er man come home at night he didn't know what wuz gwine take place fo' mornin'. Dis country wuz owned by de white folks at dat time jest de same ez now, but, bless yo' life, de white folks wuz owned by er king. Hole on now, I'm tellin'



OLD ALF DELIVERING HIS ORATION.

you. Owned by er king, an' in dem days de king wuz higher den de ace. So dar wuz de white folks an' dar wuz de king. De king said 'work an' de white folks worked 'long wud de niggers dat da owned. De king said: 'Gimme dat money dat you got fur dat cotton,' an' de white folks had ter gib up. An' it went on dis way till it got ter be mighty tiresome, I tell you. In dem days dar didn't pear ter be no Fout o' July, but neber mine, de folks knowed dat one wuz comin' putty soon. Wall, one day de king come 'long de big road an' he say ter his deputy sheriff dat de folks wuz monstus fond o' tea, an' den he 'lowed, he did, dat it would be er monstus good idea ter tax de tea. De white folks didn't say nuthin', but w'en de king had dun tuck dar tea 'way frum 'em an' put it on er steamboat da went down ter de landin', grabbed de tea funde deputy sheriff an' flung it inter de river an' den say ter de king: 'He'p yo'se f. sah. Good mornin'.' An' now, jest ez luek would hab it, de Fout o' July come at dis time. Laws er massy, how dem folks fit! W'y, da fit fast in one place an' den in er under, an' long come Marse George Washin' ton an' fit all ober at de same time. Laws er massy, de dust riz up like er drove o' mules dun gone down de lane; an' it wan't no dead sho' thing which side gwine whup, I tell you, but de fast thing you know Marse George he got de king down. 'Does you gib up?' says he. 'Not yit,' lows de king, an' den da kep on er skufflin'.

'Now does you gib up?' axed Marse George. Den de king studied er little while an' sorter scratched his head an' says: 'Wall, seein's dat it's you, I blebe I does,' an' he did. Wall, after dis de country wuz free, an' er gubermen wuz 'tablished what 'lowed er man ter keep er part o' de money whut achally blonged ter him; an', feller citizens, it's er mighty fine thing ter be 'lowed ter keep dat whut 'longs ter you. An' dat's whar de 'spression comes frum: 'I se gwine ter hold my own.' O' cose, dis is jest er story dat I se tellin' you; but, comin' down ter de serious fack, we ought never ter stop thankin' de Lawd fur de liberty dat we se got dis day. I se talked ter er good many folks—I se traveled er good deal—I has been 'way ober ter Spencer's branch an' down de county road ez fur ez de big mill; I has clim' ole Eagle Nest mountain an' seed mighty nigh all de worl' frum dat high p'int, an' I wante say right yere dat I se thankful way down

in my heart for de liberty dat I se got. An' de startin' o' it all was dat han'ful o' brave men er way off yunder sammers. I doan know whar, rizin' up er gin dakin'. Dar wuz big edils, I tell you. Dar wuz er tray spot er king in er show down, but de tray spot won. Ah, Marse George Washin' ton wuz er big man, an' I wante say right yere dat he wuz one o' my family. My ole granddaddy used ter hold his horse while he got down ter whup some pesson dat wuz tryin' ter take some man's liberty er way frum him. Yas, sah, he come mighty nigh bein' kin ter me. My ole granddaddy tole my daddy, an' my daddy tole me, dat dar wan't no man dat could outdo Marse George. W'y, all de bakky hosses in de country wuz erfered o' him. W'en er hoss 'fuzed ter pull, all you had ter do wuz ter say: 'Yander come Marse George,' an' dat hoss would mighty nigh break his neck, pullin' out. Dar ain't no sich men deze days, I tell you. My old granddaddy said dat he wuz fishin' one day down in de creek an' he wanted fish monstus, but da wouldn't bite. He fished an' he fished, he did, an' still he couldn't git er nibble. An' he wuz jest er bout ter quit an' go home and an' 'gusted, w'en all o' er suddent de fish ginter bite fit ter kill darselves. Wall, he whalloped 'em out on de bank an' he whalloped 'em out, not understandin' what made 'em bite so, an' after while he looked round, an' dar stood Marse George, er smilin' at him. Oh! but he wuz er gre't man."

"Jes hole on er minut," said Uncle Lon. "You say he wuz er good man."

"Dat whut I says."

"Ah, hab," Old Lon continued, "but ef he wuz sich er monstus good man why didn't he free de niggers while he wuz er freein' de white folks? I wante ax you dat one p'int."

The speaker spoke up instantly. "Look yere, Marse George wan't no hang. He knowed dat ef he wuz ter free de niggers he wouldn't leave nuthin' fur Marse Lince in ter do. An' dat's de reason he didn't 'complish dat fack. See?"

Having a Nice Time.

Peterby—Come Susan, hurry up. Here it is nine o'clock and we want to enjoy all of this glorious Fourth.

Mrs. Peterby—We must not be unprepared, William. Have you got the liniment and bandage?

"They are packed away with the cholera mixture and the headache remedy."

"And the 'directions in case of drowning?'"

"In my pocket with the 'sunstroke rules.'"

"Then let us go out and enjoy ourselves."—Texas Siftings.

An Even Thing.

Blitzer—Look here, old man! that boy of yours put a big firecracker under my window at four o'clock this morning and woke me up. Now what are you going to do about it?

Maggins—I'll tell you what I'll do, old fellow. You put one of your trip-lets under my window to-morrow morning at four o'clock and I'll call it square.—Judge.

Will Alexander, son of English Anderson's victim in Montgomery county some ten days ago, assisted by John McDonald, of Mt. Sterling, is now painting the residence of Hon. W. O. Mize, of this place, the dead man having made the contract only a few days before his untimely death.

Curtis and Charlie Rose visited relatives on Stillwater last week.

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HOW THEY LIKE THE HERALD.

Volunteer Testimonials At Home and Abroad.

Elder J. A. Howard on Monday sent us 11 new subscribers and the following volunteer testimonials, for which he has our thanks:

J. C. Oakley, one of Morgan county's best citizens and a prominent candidate for deputy sheriff under Frank Cottle, says: "THE HERALD is the best local paper published in Eastern Kentucky."

T. J. Perry, who is a prominent candidate for sheriff of Morgan county on the independent ticket, says: "THE HERALD is a newsy paper that everybody should have in their homes."

O. J. McKenzie, ex-judge of Morgan county, and a popular candidate for county judge, subject to Democratic primary July 28, says: "THE HERALD is a home paper square up and square down, and that a home is not well furnished without it."

Charley Swango, writing from Frankfort, under date of July 3, says: "Dear Mr. Cooper—I write to inform you that THE HERALD, which is due here on Saturday after publication is never on time, being since May 1st from three to five days late. Your Frankfort readers are hungering for THE HERALD and ask that you investigate matters so as to insure its arrival at this city on time. We suspect Mt. Sterling. Faithfully," etc.

Postmasters along the route, and especially the one at Mt. Sterling will please attend to this matter at once, or we will p. d. q. put a postoffice inspector after them.—[Editor.]

Dr. E. D. Cox, Jr., of Jackson, under date of June 30, says: "Dear Sir—Inclosed find one dollar, for which you will please continue to send me THE HERALD. Sincerely yours," etc.

And here's one from the wild and woolly west:

OMAHA, June 24, 1894.

SPENCER COOPER, Esq.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find \$1 for the renewal of my subscription for one year to the HAZEL GREEN HERALD beginning the 18th inst., and oblige.

THOS. NICKELL,
2804 Cumming street, Omaha, Neb.

How's This!

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